

Women with Ideas want a paper with Ideas; therefore read The Banner every week.

# THE BELDING BANNER-NEWS MAGAZINE SECTION

No guess work when you use Banner Want Ads. They have brought satisfactory results

PAGE SIX

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1918.

## A Chance to Save Money.

E. C. Lloyd, one of the town's biggest standbys and boosters is offering some very exceptional bargains in his large advertisement in this issue of the Banner-News, which it will pay you to take advantage of. The offerings of seasonable goods and merchandise are something which every family will find themselves in need of and now is the time to get them while the price is lower than it will be later on. Mr. Lloyd says that they are bargains at the advertised prices and people who have known Mr. Lloyd for many years back have yet to find any thing misrepresented in an advertisement put out by the reliable old house of Lloyd's.

## Belding Women

Ask you for the vote to protect our men overseas and to help win the war. Can you afford to deny the women of the county the privilege of registering their patriotic opinions at the polls?

Give them what they ask. Let Michigan take its place beside the other progressive states and countries of the world.

## Notice.

All meetings of the W. C. T. U. are postponed until further notice on account of the influenza epidemic.

Mary E. H. Coville.

This is your town. Take good care of it. Don't be a community slacker.

## IN A NUT SHELL

\$ 2.50 monthly payment for about 139 months will amount to ..... \$ 500.00  
\$ 5.00 monthly payment for about 139 months will amount to ..... \$1,000.00  
\$10.00 monthly payment for about 139 months will amount to ..... \$2,000.00  
Present rate of profits 7 74-100 per cent per annum.  
Start your Savings Account now.

## BELDING BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

## Wars are won with metal—save it.

Iron and steel are needed for tanks, guns, ammunition, ships, railroads, etc. Folks at home must save iron and steel to help win the war.

Use the old range until after the war.

Make your old range do a little longer by having it repaired. If it's past repairing, then the next best step is to buy the range that saves fuel, food and repairs. The Majestic's heat-tight riveting prevents fuel waste; its perfect baking prevents food waste, and its breakable malleable iron and rust-resisting charcoal iron make repairs a rare need.

T. FRANK IRELAND CO.

Caution: If your Majestic needs new parts, get them from us. We will supply you with genuine Majestic materials—not light, inferior parts, made by scalpers.

# Great Majestic



## "OVER THE TOP" AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT ARTHUR GUY EMPEY MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

©1917 BY ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

"Get up, you white-livered blighter! Curse you and the day you ever joined D company, spilling their fine record! It'll be you up against the wall, and a good job too. Get hold of him, men, and if he makes a break, give him the bayonet, and send it home, the cowardly sneak. Come on, you, move, we've been looking for you long enough."

Lloyd, trembling and weakened by his long fast, tottered out, assisted by a soldier on each side of him.

They took him before the captain, but could get nothing out of him but:

"For God's sake, sir, don't have me shot, don't have me shot!"

The captain, utterly disgusted with him, sent him under escort to division headquarters for trial by court-martial, charged with desertion under fire. They shoot deserters in France.

During his trial, Lloyd sat as one dazed, and could put nothing forward in his defense, only an occasional "Don't have me shot!"

His sentence was passed: "To be shot at 3:38 o'clock in the morning of May 18, 1916." This meant that he had only one more day to live.

He did not realize the awfulness of his sentence; his brain seemed paralyzed. He knew nothing of his trip, under guard, in a motor lorry to the sandbagged guardroom in the village, where he was dumped on the floor and left, while a sentry with a fixed bayonet paced up and down in front of the entrance.

Bully beef, water and biscuits were left beside him for his supper.

The sentry, seeing that he ate nothing, came inside and shook him by the shoulder, saying in a kind voice:

"Cheer, liddle, better eat something. You'll feel better. Don't give up hope. You'll be pardoned before morning. I know the way they run these things. They're only trying to scare you, that's all. Come now, that's a good lad, eat something. It'll make the world look different to you."

The good-hearted sentry knew he was lying about the pardon. He knew nothing short of a miracle could save the poor lad.

Lloyd listened eagerly to his sentry's words, and believed them. A look of hope came into his eyes, and he ravenously ate the meal beside him.

In about an hour's time, the chaplain came to see him, but Lloyd would have none of him. He wanted no pardon; he was to be pardoned.

The artillery behind the lines suddenly opened up with everything they had. An intense bombardment of the enemy's lines had commenced. The roar of the guns was deafening. Lloyd's fears came back with a rush, and he covered on the earthen floor with his hands over his face.

The sentry, seeing his position, came in and tried to cheer him by talking to him:

"Never mind them guns, boy, they won't hurt you. They are ours. We are giving the Boches a dose of their

own medicine. Our boys are going over the top at dawn of the morning to take

their trenches. We'll give 'em a taste of cold steel with their sausages and beer. You just sit tight now until they relieve you. I'll have to go now, lad, as it's nearly time for my relief, and I don't want them to see me a-talking' with you. So long, liddle, cheero."

With this, the sentry resumed the pacing of his post. In about ten minutes' time he was relieved, and a D company man took his place.

Looking into the guardhouse, the sentry noticed the cowering attitude of Lloyd, and, with a sneer, said to him:

"Instead of whimpering in that corner, you ought to be saying your prayers. It's badly conscripted like you what's spoiling our record. We've been out here high onto eighteen months, and you're the first man to desert his post. The whole battalion is laughing and pokin' fun at D company, bad luck to you! but you won't get another chance to disgrace us. They'll put your lights out in the mornin'."

After listening to this tirade, Lloyd, in a faltering voice, asked: "They are not going to shoot me, are they? Why, the other sentry said they'd pardon me. For God's sake—don't tell me I'm to be shot!" and his voice died away in a sob.

"Of course, they're going to shoot you. The other sentry was just a-kiddin' you. Jest like old Smith. Always a-tryin' to cheer some one. You ain't got no more chance o' bein' pardoned than I have of gettin' to be colonel of my batt'."

When the fact that all hope was gone finally entered Lloyd's brain, a calm seemed to settle over him, and rising to his knees, with his arms stretched out to heaven, he prayed, and all of his soul entered into the prayer.

"O, good and merciful God, give me strength to die like a man! Deliver me from this coward's death. Give me a chance to die like my mates in the fighting line, to die fighting for my country. I ask this of thee."

A peace, hitherto unknown, came to him, and he crouched and covered no more, but calmly waited the dawn, ready to go to his death. The shells were bursting all around the guardroom, but he hardly noticed them.

While waiting there, the voice of the sentry, singing in a low tone, came to him. He was singing the chorus of the popular trench ditty:

I want to go home, I want to go home.  
I don't want to go to the trenches no more.  
Where the "whizzbangs" and "sausages" roar galore.  
Take me over the sea, where the Allemand can't get at me.  
Oh, my, I don't want to die! I want to go home.

Lloyd listened to the words with a strange interest, and wondered what kind of a home he would go to across the Great Divide. It would be the only home he had ever known.

Suddenly there came a great rushing through the air, a blinding, a deafening report, and the sandbag walls of the guardroom toppled over, and then—blackness.

When Lloyd recovered consciousness, he was lying on his right side, facing what used to be the entrance of the guardroom. Now, it was only a jumble of rent and torn sandbags. His head seemed bursting. He slowly rose on his elbow, and there in the east the dawn was breaking. But what was that mangled shape lying over there among the sandbags? Slowly dragging himself to it, he saw the body of the sentry. One look was enough to know that he was dead. The soldier's head was missing. The sentry had had his wish gratified. He had "gone home."

He was safe at last from the "whizzbangs" and the Allemand.

Like a flash it came to Lloyd that he was free. Free to go "over the top" with his company. Free to die like a true Briton fighting for his king and country. A great gladness and warmth came over him. Carefully stepping over the body of the sentry, he started on a mad race down the ruined street of the village, amid the bursting shells, minding them not, dodging through or around hurrying platoons on their way to also go "over the top." Coming to a communication trench he could not get through. It was blocked with laughing, cheering and cursing soldiers. Climbing out of the trench, he ran wildly along the top, never heeding the rain of machine-gun bullets and shells, not even hearing the shouts of the officers, telling him to get back into the trench. He was going to join his company who were in the front line. He was going to fight with them. He, the despised coward, had come into his own.

While he was racing along, jumping over trenches crowded with soldiers, a

(Continued Next Week)

## CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank our many friends for their sympathy and flowers at our late bereavement and also those who donated cars for our use at the funeral.

Mrs. Chas. Chadwick  
Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Chadwick  
Mr. and Mrs. Glen Sprague  
Mrs. Elliott Chadwick

## Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the many friends for their kindness and sympathy during our recent bereavement; also for the beautiful floral offerings.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Parker.  
Veva Mandeville.  
L. D. Mandeville.

## Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the people of the box factory, also our friends and neighbors for their kindness during the late illness and death of our husband and father, Mrs. George Cooper. Mrs. May Cooper and family.

## Card of Thanks.

I desire to express my hearty thanks through the columns of our mutual friend, the Banner-News, to the many friends who sent flowers, fruit, etc., and who were so considerate of my condition while I was sick at home, on furlough, with an attack of influenza. The kindness extended can scarcely be sufficiently appreciated.

Hubert M. Engemann, U. S. N.  
Naval Hospital, Annapolis, Md.

## Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the neighbors and friends for the kindness shown during the death of our son and brother, for the singing and the beautiful flowers and the comforting words of the ministers.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Osworth.  
Mr. and Mrs. R. Kline.  
Mr. and Mrs. P. Jenks.  
Misses Libbie, Bernice and Marie Osworth.

## Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our heartfelt thanks to the many kind neighbors, friends and others who so nobly assisted us at the time of the fire which destroyed our home.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Smith.

## Commands U. S. Convoy.

Ensign William A. McCormick, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCormick of Parnell, was in the city on Thursday, calling on some of his old time friends and attending to some minor business matters. Ensign McCormick is stationed at Norfolk, Va., that is, his headquarters are there when he is in this country but for the greater part of the time he is commanding officer on the U. S. S. Margaret, a ship which is used in conveying troop transports across the ocean. Ensign McCormick enlisted in the navy in July 1917, and rose rapidly to the commanding officer's position on the ship. He likes navy life fine and says there is nothing to equal the United States naval forces.

## Young Man

You have grown up with us—  
You have gone through school with us—  
You have worked with us—  
You have counseled with us—  
You have loved us and married us—  
Now  
Don't you still need us?  
Let's make our government together.  
Vote "Yes" on woman suffrage.



## Shoulders All Baking Cares

When CALUMET comes in, all baking troubles take quick leave. You go right ahead and mix up baking materials, for biscuits—cakes—anything without fear of uncertainty. Calumet makes you forget failure.

## CALUMET BAKING POWDER

Is the most popular because it does give most perfect results. It has the biggest demand because it is the most dependable. The fact that it is the best seller proves that it is the best. A trial will convince you that there is none "just as good." Buy Calumet—if you are not satisfied take it back and get your money back.

Calumet contains only such ingredients as have been approved officially by the U. S. Food Authorities.

You save when you buy it.  
You save when you use it.

HIGHEST QUALITY  
HIGHEST AWARDS

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

What Woman Suffrage Stands For  
The protection of the home.  
The protection of all children.  
Economy in government.  
A square deal for every man and woman.

Vote "Yes" on woman suffrage November 1.

"To give women no voice," says Prime Minister Lloyd George, "would be an outrage." Former Prime Minister Asquith in advocating votes for women said, "The war could not have been carried on without the women."

Read the Want Ads. Profit thereby.



This is the Stove Polish YOU Should Use

It's different from others because more care is taken in the making and the materials used are of higher grade.

Black Silk Stove Polish  
Makes a brilliant, silky polish that does not rub off or dust off, and the shinelasts four times as long as ordinary stove polish. Used on sample stoves and sold by hardware and grocery dealers.

All we ask is a trial. Use it on your cook stove, your parlor stove or your gas range. If you don't find it the best stove polish you ever used, your dealer is authorized to refund your money. Insist on Black Silk Stove Polish. Made in liquid or paste—one quality.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works  
Sterling, Illinois

Use Black Silk Air-Breathing from Emmet on grates, registers, stove-tops—prevents rusting. Use Black Silk Metal Polish for silver, nickel or brass. It has no equal for use on automobiles.

"A Shine in Every Drop"

## STOVES STOVES

The largest line of Soft Coal and Wood Heaters we have ever shown.

## BELDING HDWE. CO.

PHONE 156

BRIDGE ST.

## HEADQUARTERS FOR Favorite, American Eagle, Puritan FLOURS

The best on the market, you are the judge. If you say it is not, bring back the empty sack and get your money. Our prices conform to Government regulations.

CHAPMAN & STRUNK  
Phone 61

## FARM PRODUCE

ALWAYS In the market for your Beans, Wheat, Rye, Potatoes etc.

P. H. Maloney & Co.  
Formerly Purdy's Elevator.

Phone 164 - - Belding, Michigan

# Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

## Auto Repairing

As it should be done. No lost motion, wasted time or poor parts when your auto repairing is done here.

Tires, Tubes, Oils and Accessories.

## WISE & COBB

Phone 114 Belding, Michigan.  
Vulcanizing, Accessories, Oils and Grease  
United States Tires and Tubes



He Betrayed His Country.

own medicine. Our boys are going over the top at dawn of the morning to take